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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1471.

Original Poetry.

THE MINIATURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. S. D.

Bend closer to my couch, beloved,
My life ebbs fast away;
Vain, vain has been thy earnest prayer,
I may not with thee stay;
The tide of life runs slow and ch—
My breath is faint and weak—
Come more, come more, before I die,
I would, love, with thee speak.

My eye is restless and dim—
My cheek is cold and pale—
But oh, the love that burns within
For thee, love, cannot fail.
I know the angels wait for me,
I hear their blissful call,—
Yet yet I fear this mortal love
Will triumph over all.

I know there's keep my memory
A sacred thing apart,
I know there'll treasure all my love
Deep down within thy heart:
The love which thou hast pledged to me,
In dreams well and to-morrow—
I know thy spirit will bow
Before its early shrine.

Yet, yet I know that I must leave alone,
I feel that I must leave thee;
This world's a cheerless place for love,
And worse if for my sake.
And, dearest, in thy silent hours
When there are not and lone,
With thou not sometimes pass upon
That thou, when I was gone?

And should my form grow dim, beloved,
Before your heart be cold—
Should the cold world ever cast a shade
Across our love unfold—
Then portrait there will come to thee
To summon memories back,
And once again at open sight
Shine the clouded rock.

I may not speak to thee again,
I feel my likelihood fail—
But at a bright and beautiful
Beyond the shadowy veil
I know that we shall meet, love!
My pinion henceforth will be.
Then will I whisper to thee
How can I part from thee!

The flowers of Spring will brightly bloom
With no place for me!
The grass will soon its verdure spread
Above my silent bed;
For when my form has turned to dust,
Oh! then will I be dead!
That portrait will bring back to thee
The memory of my love.

I would not have this unseen for me
As for a treasure gone—
My soul shall hallow all the spot,
To guard thee for its own.
My voice shall speak to thee unseen—
Thy heart will know and feel—
The breeze shall waft it on thy cheek,
In parting, love, with thee!

Fair Lexington, Sept. 15th, 1849.

Original Novelet.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. E. F. ELLET, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION, OR, THE VALE OF SHADOWS."

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Mrs. Elizabeth F. Ellet, in the Clerk of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Breaking up an old home, the home of many years—I had nearly said eternity—reminds me of a modern city May day flitting. A home like old Hearth Hall, with its associations, its accretions of many years and many hearts, with its immovable old furniture, cupboards, wainscots, mirrors, and "old oak chests," with their mechanism—like treasures, relics, and curiosities—from the smallest nail to the finest thread of the interwoven branch of the family web—with his paint and coffin and funeral pomp, may be realized but not easily erased of great great grandfather, and the hooped petticoat and high heeled shoes of his wife—from the first stone of the first house of which Churchill baby made, to the lock of gray hair that was cut from his coffined head after he the bid was screwed down—from the veil that fell around the bride, to the shroud that clad the grandmother died in—from the bullet extracted from the fiery bracket on which her brother in battle, to the clinical knife that severed the diseased brother had worn as his ministry when he married, to the coffin of his child. Every age of reservation must be largely developed in these old Maryland and Virginia families—all things handed down through successive orders, it would be little short of sacrilege to destroy. The cast off finish wreath and veil that a mother—or a city belle would generously and properly destroy upon some occasion, is carefully laid from her daughter's row by a Maryland mother—reverentially lifted as you have seen a daguerreotype case from a mantelpiece—and laid away a sacred treasure, a relic to be handled with awe and love by the children in future ages. The wardrobe of the dead that many northern and city families send to the pauper dependents, but which, during the living, in Maryland and Virginia is carefully collected and packed away in chests and locked, and hermetically sealed as it were, to moulder away by dint in long years. Those old chests with the very smell of their musty mysterious old closets and closely shaded rooms, for dreaming, carries us back to the days when gentlemen and ladies wore ruffles and lavender was necessary to health, to the days when my aunt grandmother's soft leg, watching through our wishing eyes grandmother's dear good face, and, without her bridal to the cap the aunt and her spectacled face, daily wore, dead what we wore, and slipped from this vague reading into the dear old home, where the old spectres carrying us back to the very natural fragrance of the rose, but long ago dried, and the scent more warmly, so warmly! home to the heart, all the agony of the separation from the windows may crack in the winter blast, and the wind whistle up from crevices at the very foot of the old mansion—the sighing of the pine and fir, yet the heart is all the warmer for its old age, and the more precious for its associations and the dear grandparents before them. Those old houses scattered at wide intervals up and down the shores of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, and under the Easterly shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountain, and at the foot of the Alleghany, and in the forests between them—those old houses, spotting the shadow of new settlements like the moon, one by one, and one by one, and one by one, many of them still inhabited by the old members while both decay together, still blossoming out remembrances of young life, young children, remind me strongly of old neighboring home from which fresh blooming flowers are springing.

"Let's leave all things just as, Hagar, here," said Sophie, as the two sat one evening a hour of the old Hall, opening and examining old closets and chests with a view of determining what should be taken, what left, what burnt and what given away. "We will look up all the rest without examination. I have not nerves for it, Hagar. It is like dissecting a heart, to explore the treasures and memorials and relics of the long ago dead. Let us leave them so."

"I can't make a general bonfire of them," said Hagar, "I never like these relics, they come across me unpleasantly, very—why should people accumulate them—storing up pages against some day of purge. 'Let the dead past bury its dead,' *on consul* is my motto."

Sophie looked at her with her brown eyes dilating in reverie.

"Perhaps you are right after all—these relics awaken memorial, but to my sending feelings that might sleep but for their sight, nevertheless, I could not destroy these things, neither can I consent to their destruction."

It was finally agreed in consultation that all things should remain as they were, that the old Hall should be closed and left in charge of old Cuupe and Turquinius.

"Where are you going, Hagar?" said Raymond, as she wandered from the breakfast-room off into the yard.

"To see Starlight. I have not seen him since last evening, and I must go to his stable and feed him with my own hand. Turquinius carried his oats!"

"Why did you not ask me to attend you?" inquired Raymond, as he drew her hand under his arm.

"Because, Monsieur," flashed Hagar's eyes full, swiftly, "I love to shake you off some time when you set like a transmel—besides you do not like Starlight."

Raymond replied by drawing her arm closer and holding her hand tighter, while her pensive Sophie and Remsdale looked on, and then he bounded around her, and she stopped to caress them with her free hand. Raymond at once looked annoyed, then leaving the loaded end of his riding-whip, struck the earth with it heavily, and went off to his stable.

"Hagar, I am not content," hinted Sophie, that lightning stroke, am I? Newsome, Hagar, do you suppose I am going to permit a hand I love to aim to be broken? Are you sure I can't confidently go wash it."

"They are not cuts, they are fine splendid pointers! Look at their shining black coats and eyes like coals—and look at their pink noses and dauntlessfearless then—" And here she paused, her expiring flash of spirit died out beneath the cloudy mantle that, gray as ash, deep hazy eyes, stroking up through which came a well, a purpose, the strength of which was being proved from the depths from which it seemed to come.

"Then what, Hagar?"

"Nothing" said Hagar, as her high heart throbbing subsided. He drew her arm again within his own, and they proceeded to the stables. At the sight of his mistress, Starlight neighed loud for joy and bounding and reared, and pawed the ground, stretched out his head and snuffed at the open door-case of his stable. Raymond ran to him, and caressed him, when quickly a shadow passed the ground, stretched out his head and crouched it on the open door-case of his stable. Hagar shrieked in the agony of her soul, as the horse he could not speak, and stroking his jet black neck, but he fell to the ground, and Starlight neighed tenderly, and rub his mouth upon her neck and cheek, many with pet worthless tears.

"See, Raymond! see," she said, with her momentary power all conquered away. "See how the very noses of the dogs are black as a king's eye, is peeling, love, with them!"

Fair Lexington, Sept. 15th, 1849.

Original Novelet.

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"Hagar?"

"Well?"

"You are wretched, poor child, and indeed I do not wonder. Hagar, can you take my advice?"

"What is it?"

"Let your husband when you meet him that you are no—you have sinned, Hagar, and you must atone for your sin; lay your small hand gently on his arm and look into his face, catch his eye and ask him to forgive you."

"What!" suggested the proud girl, bounding like a little lamb shell, "hold out my wrists humbly for the jargon and ask my master's pardon—better then again! No! may I die if I do!"

"Oh! don't look at it in that light, Hagar; you have wronged—outraged—insulted Raymond."

"Did he tell you so?" sneered Hagar.

"No, he has not told me so—but he need not tell me so—do you not know enough of Raymond's proud and delicate nature to see that he can't and will tell me so, Hagar!—No, poor misguided child, your day's absence was enough. Come, Hagar, seek a reconciliation with him, before your heart turns away on to him at once. You will have and a moment's pause until you are surrounded to your husband—seek that reconciliation at any price of your own proud spirit."

"I will not!" roared!"

"But, Hagar, you do regret this, you suffer terribly—"

"I can bear torture! but not humiliation! degradation!"

"Alas! look at you, the very flame of mental fever flickering through your cheeks and eyes—your hands burning and your pulse quick as the dry beat of your heart. What a day you have had to-day, Hagar! Last evening your absence has cost you!"

"Come, come, leather your eyes, after tea I will it was, which we go settled, you will not object to leave them."

"The supper bell rang, and Sophie with a hasty change to Hagar to make his bidet, quickly left the room, and Raymond and Hagar were alone. Hagar felt with a determination to look very regal, proud, and defiant. She looked out burning eyes and brow, but without crossing their fever. She crunched her long glittering ringlets, and collected them with a jeweled comb. She changed her black riding-dress for a crimson satin, with the same thrilling, severe, unbending air with which she set her waist, and her scarf, and replied, softly,

"Yes, love—no, do not start and struggle, I beg you, love—you have my arm and will."

"*My love!*—*my*—*my own!* beauty dear Starlight—*mine* my arm—*mine* without my love!"

"Come, come, come—come; be still, Hagar—you are a child—a child passionate, unreasoning love, while a gentle, cowl strength struck out from the pressure of the soft arms that held her and moved her on. Hagar's proud heart was subdued, and beats its rage so violently, I am afraid clip-ped, and she would have fainted, but for the arm—I am afraid I shall have to crush it altogether," said he, looking down into her eyes.

The proud girl trembled, and dropped her hands clasped upon her lap—dropped her head upon her bosom, and in the color she had from her cheeks, and the light from her eyes.

"Hagar?"

"Well?"

"What is the matter, love?"

"Are you—are you—love, to the matter?" exclaimed she, laughing bitterly, while light and shadow swiftly flashed back the fire from her face.

"I wish you joy or my sad automaton."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PASSAGES BOUGHT.

Gloom is upon thy lonely hearth,
Oh, exiled home! and sorrow on thy mirth,
Sorrow is on the breezy mound
And by the joyous whispering round.
Hemans.

The family met at breakfast the morning succeeding the events of the last chapter. The little party was silent and sad. Hagar's proud heart had been spending a week at Astere Cottage, entirely alone, with the disappointment of having to accompany for the winter, by resigning with her to keep as possible, and also by the fear that Raymond would not be willing to leave his children. Her self-reproaches were fully avenged in the anguish of her heart. He had lost to her place, and then summoned his own chair—sending the morning salutations to Captain Wilde and Mrs. Wilde, and to Mr. Sophie looked at Hagar—looked at her in astonishment. The spotted, dark eyes were almost hagged, but Sophie thought she saw at once the healthy crimson glow of her cheek, while her lips were flushed with a color that scathed purple spot on her cheek, leaving her contracted brow and quivering lip pallid; her strange, wild eyes were changed, anguish and despair were gone. And then Sophie's glance turned off from Hagar to Raymond—but he had changed, too—his forcibly smooth, his eyes sinking and his lips compressed, as though he had just left the battle of Waterloo. Sophie was no less startled than the whole, that the child had not her mistress—not her brother—but the husband and wife, sparring to the death, and the issue of which was fearful.

"Hagar! Raymond, I am so glad that we are alone, together at last, my heart has been ready to burst all the—" She stopped short, and gazed from one to the other, in the agony of her soul. It was at the same Raymond that no hour ago was sitting with his wife, and now he was alone with a beautiful woman, that she could have uttered a thousand endearments to, and to love and pride and her heart-strings. He paused her and from him, and upon a footing. Her face was flushed, and very last chance of liberation she hesitated before, but she was not one—not after having been solicited by Hagar—to be repulsed, springing to her side, she reclined in all trust—no, not new—

Selected Articles.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

From the kingdom of Dahomey, on the Western coast of Africa, the largest and most steady slave-export trade is carried on. To counteract this trade, the British Government, as is well known, incurs a large annual expense, and practically fails in its object. Thus disconcerted, our government has made the attempt to persuade the King of Dahomey to abandon the trade in slaves; and the history of this attempt, drawn from a parliamentary paper, we now propose to give. The particulars are contained in a report by B. Cruickshank, Esq., respecting his mission to Dahomey.

The writer of the report begins by glancing at the present state of this nefarious traffic. "For a period," says he, "extending over the last twelve years, the annual exportation of slaves from the territory of the King of Dahomey has averaged nearly 8,000. In addition to this number, another thousand at least are annually brought down from the interior, and are kept in slavery in the towns and villages upon the coast, where they enjoy, when well conducted, a very considerable share of liberty, and all the necessaries of life in apparent comfort and abundance; but they are subjected to exportation for acts of gross disobedience, as well as for social offences of an aggravated nature.

"It appears to be a general practice with the masters of the slaves to permit them to prosecute their own affairs, and to receive in exchange for this concession of their time a stipulated monthly sum derived from their labor; owing to this arrangement, an industrious slave is sometimes enabled to acquire his freedom by obtaining funds necessary for the purchase of two slaves, which will generally be accepted as the price of his redemption. This annual supply of 9,000 slaves is chiefly, I may say entirely, derived from a systematic course of slave-hunting; for the number paid to the King by the Mahees and other tributaries, together with the criminal offenders who are exported, forms but a small item in the gross amount.

"The King generally accompanies his army to these slave hunts, which he pursues for two or three months every year. Its miserable objects are weak and detached tribes, inhabiting countries adjacent to his dominions, and at distances from his capital varying from twelve to twenty-four days' march. A battle rarely occurs, and the loss in killed in such expeditions is not so great as is generally believed in England. The ordinary plan is to send out traders to act as spies; these carry their petty merchandise into the interior towns, and make their observations upon their means of defense.

"The trader returns after the lapse of some months, guiding the King's army, and instructing the leaders how they may surround and surprise the unsuspecting inhabitants, who are often thus captured on awakening in the morning. As resistance is punished by death, they generally prefer to yield themselves prisoners, and thus the King's victories are often bloodless. It is only when African Kings, of nearly equal power, are ambitious to try their strength, that those wholesale slaughters take place which only terminate in the extermination of a people. Such contests, however, are rare; the African chief having a much greater relish for an easy and unresisting prey, whom he can convert into money, than for the glory of a victory which costs him the lives of his people; so at least it is with the King of Dahomey, who often returns to his capital without the loss of a man either of his own party or that of his enemy. He has on more than one occasion been repulsed by the Akus and the people of Aberkoutah; but in these and similar cases where the resistance is likely to be strong and determined, his troops are led away before much slaughter has been done.

"After the surrender of a town, the prisoners are presented to the King by their captors, who are rewarded by the payment of cowries, of the value of a couple of dollars for each captive, who is henceforth the King's slave; but on his return to his capital after a successful enterprise, he is in the habit of distributing a number of these unfortunate creatures among his head men, and at the same time bestowing large sums as bounty to his troops. ...

... would it suddenly give up the principal source of its revenue without some equivalent provision for defraying its expenses? He could not believe so. No more would he reduce himself to beggary. The sum offered him would not pay his expenses for a week; and even if the English Government were willing to give him an annual sum equivalent to his present revenue, he would still have some difficulty in employing the energies of his people in a new direction. Under such circumstances, however, he would consider himself bound to use every exertion to meet the wishes of the English Government.

"Such were the arguments which the King used in justification of his refusal to sign the treaty; and much regret did he express that the object which the English Government had in view, was of such vital importance to him that he could not possibly comply with its request.

"Although inwardly acknowledging the force of his objections, I did not give up the subject without endeavoring to convince him that, in the course of a few years, by developing the resources of his rich and beautiful country, he would be able to increase his revenue tenfold; and that the slaves whom he now sold for exportation, if employed in the cultivation of articles of European consumption, would be far more valuable to him than they now were. I endeavored to make him comprehend this, by informing him of the price of a slave in the Brazils, and asking him if he thought the Brazilian would give such a price for him if he did not find himself more than repaid by his labor? He believed this to be the case; but the length of time required, the whole process of an entirely new system, and want of skill among his people to conduct such operations, appear to him insurmountable difficulties. He was willing, however, to permit Englishmen to form plantations in his country, and to give instructions to his people.

"At last the King appeared anxious to escape from this harassing question; and by way of closing the interview, invited me to accompany him to witness a review of his troops. What principally struck me upon this occasion was the animus displayed by every one present, from the King to the meanest of his people; every word of their mouths, every thought of their hearts, breathed of defiance, of battle, and slavery to their enemies: his principal captains, both male and female, expressed an anxious hope that I would remain in their country to witness their first triumph, and to behold the number of captives they would lead back to Abomey; and that I might be in no doubt that the general mass participated in these sentiments, such an assenting shout rent the air, as must have often proclaimed the victory. A quiet smile of proud satisfaction passed across the King's face as he regarded me with a look which said, 'these are my warriors;' and when I heard the loud rattle of their arms, and saw the wild sparkle of their delighted eyes, gleaming with strong excitement, as they waved their swords and standards in the air, I fully acknowledged the force of the King's question,—'Could he, by signing the treaty, change the sentiments of a whole people?' The sight which I was witnessing was to me a stronger argument than any the King had yet used; here there was no palliating, no softening down, no attempt to conceal their real sentiments under the plea of necessity for undertaking their slave-hunting wars, but a fierce, wild and natural instinct, speaking in language that could not be misunderstood.

"At no time before my arrival in his country, did I ever entertain the faintest hope of his acceding to it in good faith; and since I had ascertained at Whydah the amount of revenue derived from this trade, and had seen the rude and expensive magnificence of his state, I could not but feel that a repetition of my paltry offer of an annual subsidy of $2,000 would only clothe me with ridicule. I was anxious, however, to ascertain whether the King really regarded it in a merely pecuniary point of view, and would forego the trade in slaves upon finding his revenue made up from other sources. He assured me that he would; but, even with this assurance, I may be allowed to doubt whether a monarch and a people of such ambitious character would cease from making war upon their neighbors."

Mr. Cruikshank had subsequent conversation with the King of Dahomey on the subject of his mission, but all equally unavailing. Afterwards, De Souza, a person famous in the annals of slave-dealing, tendered a piece of advice which seems far from unreasonable. "Your government wishes ...

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1849.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ON FILE. "Flower Verses," "A Legend of St. Peter" and another poem by the same author, and "Sabbath Morning Hymn."

DECLINED. "Lines to S. P.," "The Stranger's Dream," "Recollections of My Aunt," "The Charge," and "My Baby," are respectfully declined.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The most important item of the European news ...

GOOD SUGGESTIONS.

The Grand Jury of Philadelphia County, in their recent presentment to the Court of Quarter Sessions, recommend:

The consolidation of the city and the incorporated districts in the county, into one municipal corporation, under one efficient head.

The election of the City Councils by Wards, in order that the minority, the great balance wheel in all public bodies, and the best check on unwise and wasteful legislation, may be represented.

The formation of a well organized fire department, "efficient and under control," which means, if it means anything, a *paid* system.

And, as a consequence of the above reforms—the saving in municipal expenses, &c., and the prevention of riots,—a reduced rate of taxes.

To bring about this new and better state of things, the Grand Jury recommend the citizens to call meetings to devise means for the holding of a Convention to adopt such measures as may be required.

Cannot something now be done in this matter. The prosperity of a city is closely allied with its reputation for order and good morals. If something be not done, if the riotous spirits of Moyamensing and other districts be much longer allowed to continue their saturnalia unchecked, the character of Philadelphia at large will begin to suffer. To ensure good order, two things are absolutely necessary—a union of the city proper with the districts, and the adoption of a *paid* in the place of the present *volunteer* fire system. These measures will of course be strenuously opposed by the would-be great men who figure at the head of the present city and district corporations, by the rowdy portion of the firemen, and by the "Killers," "Bouncers," &c., and their friends—and, because it will meet with the opposition of these classes, little aid can be expected even from those leading politicians who are as fully persuaded as any others, of the necessity of the proposed changes.

But the great mass of the people can be enlisted in support of these necessary reforms, if men of the proper character will come forward and lead the way. Hundreds and thousands of signatures could be obtained to a call for a public meeting, where public sentiment could be unequivocally expressed, and the proper committees appointed to take the matter in hand.

TRIAL BY JURY.

JUDICIAL PROGRESS.—The New Albany Bulletin makes a suggestion to the expected Convention in Indiana, which is of some importance. It says:

In anticipation of the Convention to revise the Constitution, the question is being agitated whether it would not be advisable to so amend the law, that the number of jurors empannelled on a ...

THE SALVAGE QUESTION.

Two instances have been already cited, where French vessels of war both demanded and received salvage for services rendered in cases of wreck. One of the vessels from which salvage was received, was an American vessel, the brig Active, of Baltimore, which run on a bank about two years ago.

We are of those who think that the practice of demanding salvage, in cases of distress at sea, is not becoming the dignity of a national vessel belonging to any leading power. While it is entirely *just* so to do, there is a want of magnanimity in exacting payment for such services. Therefore, we regret that, in the case of the barque Eugenie, any compensation should have been demanded by Commander Carpender. But, while expressing this opinion and regret, we must also express our contempt at the course pursued by the owners of the Eugenie. It was mean enough to refuse to pay the salvage demanded—for if the services of the American sailors had not been rendered, the vessel and cargo would have been a perfect loss—and tenfold meaner to complain of the short detention of their vessel by those who had rendered them such valuable and unrecompensed services. And the French Government would have acted a nobler part, if it had indignantly refused to become the organ of complaints of so mean and despicable a character.

A FABRICATION.

A statement has appeared in some of the papers, to the effect that an angry correspondence had taken place between Mr. Clayton and the British Charge d'Affairs, Mr. Crampton, relative to the Musquito Question. The whole story is declared by the Washington "Intelligencer" to be "a sheer invention."

The "Intelligencer" also says:

It is very like another ridiculous story circulated by the Democratic press that the Secretary of State had advised that Madame Poussin should not be received at the President's and that Mr. Poussin resented it by insulting the Government. It is hardly necessary to say that there is no foundation whatever of such a statement, or any part of it. There were no unkind feelings between Mr. Poussin and any member of the Cabinet. The sole cause of our Government taking offence is to be found in the correspondence of Mr. Poussin alone.

In copying the above, we can but express our surprise that a story so extensively circulated, should not have been sooner denied—that is, if there be no foundation for *"any part of it;"* if it be entirely false that a social difficulty aggravated the political one.

THE LITTLE YANKEE BOY.

The editor of "Holden's Magazine" says he ...

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. *By Mrs. Hughs. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* We have received from the publishers a number of little books for children, written by Mrs. Hughs, viz.: "Frank Worthy, the Orphan," "The Proud Girl Humbled," "The Gipsey Fortune Teller," "Lizzie Linden," "The Mother's Birth Day," and "May Morning." From the well known ability of Mrs. Hughs as a writer of works calculated to amuse and instruct the youthful mind, we feel at liberty to recommend the above books to the examination of parents.

HOLDEN'S MAGAZINE. This magazine for October comes to us filled with its usual variety of prose and verse. The editor's "review" is generally the best part of it.

Our Correspondents

EARLY RISING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Much has been said and written by the learned upon early rising—but still, people will not follow their admonitions. They know not the real value of so doing; if they did, in my opinion, the rising sun would find neither man, woman nor child asleep. I will try and show you a few of the profits, pleasures, and instructions, which people would obtain, by rising only one hour earlier every morning, which is not half the time spent in bed after daybreak by most persons.

First I will show the profits of early rising. There are three hundred and thirteen week-days in one year—and if we would rise one hour earlier every morning, we should have three hundred and thirteen hours every year more than we now have—and this, divided by ten, (the number of hours which the working-class generally work each day,) gives us thirty-one days and three hours every year, which at one dollar per day, would be thirty-one dollars and thirty cents. This small sum, if put at interest, at the end of each year, and the interest added thereto, from the time a man was twenty until he was fifty years of age, would amount to the sum of $2,494 47.

Perhaps early rising makes more difference with the farmer than any other class of people. If he remains in bed until the sun is one hour above the horizon, and then crawls out, he will very likely find his cows have become uneasy on account of hunger, and have poked down the old yard fence (as the slothful farmer never has a good one,) and have strayed away. He then looks about for them, and more than likely finds them in a neighboring corn-field. By the time he gets them out, ...

Original Sketches.

MEN AND THINGS IN ENGLAND.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

THE LONDON LITERATI.

The Honorable Mrs. Norton occupies a leading position among literary circles in London, and deservedly so. Her life, notwithstanding the cruel slanders that years ago came near breaking her heart, is one of beautiful purity. There is a *hauteur* in her manners that an American must dislike. Whenever she talks with one who is not of noble blood, and especially if he be lowly-born she assumes an air of condescension, holds out the mere tips of her fingers on introduction with a take-care-don't-touch-me-air, and is reserved.—This is probably the result of education—certainly it cannot spring naturally from a heart like hers!

Wordsworth, the poet-laureate, is scarcely ever seen in town save on state occasions, and then moves little in the literary circles. But in his home, among the northern lakes, he can be seen by a "favored few."

Leigh Hunt, the companion of Byron and Shelley, lives in town. His residence is a small, neat dwelling, with a pleasant bit of ground attached. He is in comfortable circumstances, though not wealthy—the pension which the Queen granted him is very acceptable in his old age. He moves little in general society of late, preferring the choicer, sweeter society of his own home. His daughters, though accomplished and beautiful, seem hardly to have inherited their father's genius. To those who are fortunate enough to be favored with an entrance to the poet's heaven, he is ever affable, loving and voluble. To hear him of a pleasant evening, when the fire brightens in the grate, and the cold wind freshens without—to hear him, seated on an easy sofa beside it, recount his early experiences with those so great but now departed, with tender pathos and quiet humor, for which he is so remarkable, is a treat seldom enjoyed and never surpassed. He is a lovely man; by his position he is entitled to the highest society, yet he prefers quietness with true love; and loving democratical sentiments instead of aristocratical, he never offends by word or deed the sensitive heart of the low-born aspirant for literary fame!

Philip Bailey, the large-brained author of "Festus," mingles little in London Society, but remains in the country not many miles from town. He is of a retiring disposition—too much so to succeed in his profession which is that of the law.

Mrs. Ellis, the author of so many Hannah ...

COURT ETIQUETTE.

A little work with the above title, has recently been published in England, and among other rules and laws laid down, is an account of the ceremonies to be performed on being presented to Her Majesty. It may be interesting to those who have no desire to act such a part.

"Advancing towards the Queen, the visiter hands the second card which he has brought with him to the groom in waiting, who stands in the Throne room, not far from the door of entrance; the groom in waiting immediately passes the card to the lord in waiting, who stands still nearer the Queen, and by whom the name of the visiter and that of his friend, as well as the cause of the presentation, are audibly announced from the card to Her Majesty.

"Here it will be necessary to inform the reader on two points, which perhaps more than any other, give rise to inquiries. First, every hand in the Queen's presence must be *ungloved.* It would be a grievous breach of court etiquette to have covered hands. The subjects of a Persian monarch hide their hands, and take off their shoes; but in England every hand is bare—and of course clean!

"The second point is, that at levees, the person who presents a friend, does not accompany him, to the presence of the Queen. In obtaining the patronage of a distinguished friend, the visiter is not to expect his presence, at the moment of introduction to Her Majesty; nor is it even necessary that he should be present during any part of the levee. Quite the reverse. The visiter advances to Her Majesty alone; the name of his friend is all that he has to support him. At drawing-rooms a different practice is followed, for the lady who undertakes to introduce any one to Her Majesty, is always expected to be present during some portion of the reception; sometimes, though not always, she accompanies her *protege* to the presence of the Queen, and retires with her.—This difference is remarkable, and one, the difference of which often puzzles and annoys a stranger. It may likewise be well to mention here that no order of precedence is observed in presenting visiters to Her Majesty, except that of the *entree.*

"Assuming that the visiter at a levee has had his name, &c., announced to the Queen, and has reached Her Majesty, he must kneel down on his left knee, raise his right arm with the ungloved back of his hand uppermost, on which he receives the palm of Her Majesty's right hand; then he barely touches with his lips the back of that royal hand. If he wishes to be particularly absurd and vulgar, he will kiss the hand with a loud smack, and if he be very bashful or alarmed, he will merely bow down to the hand without the courage to touch it with his lips.

"Leaving the visiter to choose between these ...

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, Sept. 29, 1849.

REMARKS—The transactions during the past week have been to a limited extent. The foreign news by the America has had little or no effect upon the market. The demand for Cotton has been limited, but prices are fair. The Flour market is quiet, but holders are firm, in consequence of the small supplies coming in and the reduced stock offering. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses continue to attract considerable attention, and the late advance in prices has been fully maintained. The Money market is abundantly supplied with capital, and the Banks are liberal in their accommodations. Exchange on England rates from 109½ to 109¾.

The following are the principal exports to foreign ports during the past week:

Flour, bbls,	10,425	Wheat, bushels,	9,586
Rye Flour, bbls,	279	Corn, "	15,754
Corn Meal, "	3,022	Beef, bbls,	210
Biscuit, "	548	Pork, "	209

FLOUR AND MEAL—The export demand for Flour during the past week has been limited, but for city consumption it has been quite active, and, in most instances, holders have realised an improvement of 12½ cts in consequence of the small supplies coming in and the reduced stocks; sales of 4a5,000 barrels common brands for shipment at $5a5,12½—now held firmly at the latter rate—and for city consumption at $5,12½a5,31¼ per bbl for common and good brands, and $5,37½a5,62½ for choice and extra lots. Rye Flour has been in good demand, and 1,200 bbls sold at $3a3,06¼ per bbl. Corn Meal—Sales of 3,000 bbls Pennsylvania at $3,06¼, and a small lot at $3,12½, now generally held at the latter rate.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending 27th inst. was as follows:

Wheat Flour	bbls	10,464
do.	half bbls	225
Rye Flour	bbls	741
Corn Meal		1,344

GRAIN—There has been a fair demand for Wheat, and with moderate supplies, prices have undergone but little change; sales of 30,000 bushels ordinary and prime reds at $1,01a1,06, mixed $1,06½a1,09, and white at $1,08a1,13 per bushel. Rye is scarce and wanted—sales of 1,000 bushels; Southern at 56, and Pennsylvania at 60c. Corn—Prices have declined; sales of 25,000 bushels yellow at 65, 64a63c—closing at the latter—and some white heated at 60a62c per 56 lbs. Oats are in good demand, and 8a10,000 bushels sold at 29a31 for South, and 33c per bushel for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The demand for Pork continues limited, and prices are rather drooping. Small sales of Mess at $10,25a10,37½ on time; prime is held at $9,12½a9,25. Small sales of city packed Mess Beef for ship stores at $13,50a14 per bbl. The demand for Bacon is limited, and the stock too small to admit of any extensive transactions. Small sales of city smoked and Western fancy canvassed Hams at 8½a12c; Sides 6¼a6½, and Shoulders 5¼a5½c. Lard is in limited demand, and the sales are only in small lots at 7a7½c in bbls and kegs. 500 bbls poor quality sold at 6½c. Butter—Sales of old at 9a9½, and new at 10c per lb. In Cheese no ...

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1848.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Since Lord Brougham's openly expressed approval, in the House of Lords, of the practice of smuggling, considerable attention has been attracted to his moral character. The following paragraph embodies Mr. S. T. Coleridge's opinion of him, and a little anecdote upon which that opinion was to a considerable degree founded.

"I met a meeting Mr. Brougham well. I met him at Mr. Sharp's with Mr. Horner. They were then regarded by the political adventurers. Mr. Horner bore in his conversation and demeanor evidence of the straight-forward and generous frankness which characterized him through life. You shall see whether you feel, that you could rely upon his integrity. His mind was better stored to encounter the sophisters, as they had come upon. He had logic, say, even high, talent rather than I had. But I had a feeling, that Mr. Horner had an approved colleague, a consciousness, not of superior powers, but of superior activity, a mind that never kept was placed on what should have been his head; you were never sure of him—you always found him on his legs. Mr. Brougham was into a tangle—as upon Lord Holland, Mr. Horner began the censure of Lord Lauderdale's errors. From that time I had ought of Mr. Brougham for some time. He was, I think, the first who called the Parliamentary debates was alluded in, perverted by which Mr. Brougham had expressed opinions which were in unison with my own upon a matter of that kind. I said to myself, 'Surely,' said, "I could never rely upon what was given in the House of Lords as newspapers, as they had even him say directly the contrary; I was glad to be undeceived." Mr. Brougham's talent is in the form of voice half conditional and half peculiar, "I do, or the reverse of it, as the case may be, but there is a point, but Pompey's blood." [Laughter.] "I said nothing. but I had my doubts."

THE POPULIN DIFFICULTY.

Accounts from Washington City state that, although the interregnum between the old and new representative, Mr. Crampton, M. Pousoin, the Count Mortier, Count Rantzau, remained in their conciliatory proposition to our Government.

To this proposal, General Taylor replied, he promptly replied, his counsel to Mr. Polk would be assuming his official intercourse with our Government, until he further advised from the French Government.

ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE OF FIRE ARMS.—A correspondent of the "Times" of this city, communicates the following suggestions, which appear to us worthy of consideration:

After the sportsman has come home, he may say a few words to my gunning friends. We often hear of accidents from guns being loaded. The remedy is discharge of guns. For every instance which has come under my notice, I could refer to a dozen. Consequently, letting the hammer rest upon the cap is not safety, but the hammer rest upon the cap with the charge in the barrel. The danger of the hammer catching against something while the gun in pulled from the bushes, or the hammer striking a hard rock, it slips off and strikes with the whole force of the hammer upon the cap, and the gun is discharged. Let the hammer rest upon the cap, but without any thing hard, it will often explode the cap. I have frequently had the cap to explode upon stepping down upon the floor; in one instance the whole charge entered about the foot of the man's thumb. While the hammer is thus down, the cap can be exploded by a sudden jerk, or by accidental or otherwise. In this way nine-tenths of the accidents of persons having guns in their hands is from this cause that accidents occur in the woods; the hammer is caught by a limb, or the gun raised from the rag, and as soon as it slips off, the gun is exploded. There is but one way to keep a gun safe, when loaded; that is, always keep it half cocked. Some will say that they have used it many year, but say one try, and they will find it out. Some will say that they have used it many year, but pull the hammer as they will, they will find it out. Some will say that they have used it many year, but the hammer will not rest upon the finger as not perfect enough to hold the by hand catch from it.

When a gun is half cocked, every accidental jar will upon the tubes, and not half cocked, no one will then snap a gun who has any regard for what he is doing.

A Strange Story.

MEN WITH TAILS.

If the following did not appear in a Journal of Commerce," a paper believed to be above the contradiction of a falsehood, we should be inclined to designate it at once as the most transparent kind of a humbug. But it does appear in said Journal, and in addition to Prof. Silliman's correspondence—and we give it for what it is worth.—

In a former letter, I mentioned to you that Col. D. Count, of Mexico, who had been elected to Congress, was about to set out on a new and extensive exploration of the deep mines, under the auspices of the French Government, and at the charge of the treasury. The object of this exploration was to ascertain the existence of the Academy of Sciences some instructions for him, which was read at the sitting of the 10th inst. Count Count, who had been addressed to the Academy a notice of the race of the Gilolos, inhabiting the interior of the island, removed among the neighboring tribes on account of the superiority of their race. Count Count had been ordered to be translated for you what has been published about it, by one of the scientific reporters. Lord Monboddo's theory has been raised as much as his primitive stock.

The most accurate account appears to have existed a race of men who, according to the report of certain travellers, are originally from the mountains of Gondar, in Africa, and they inhabit Soulaa in the South, whose zoological character is very remarkable. They have a peculiar tail-like appendage, formed by the elongation of the vertebral column, and they are the last link in the human chain. The tribes which compose the dispose of them without great difficulty; as bad in the Gilolos Islands. The tribes which compose them are hideous ugliness of face and figure, so generally brutish, that the Gilolos Islanders look of this race are to be found, also, in the Philippine Islands, but they were, doubtless, carried there by the Spaniards, from Mexico. In what way he, when a Levantine is looking out for slaves on the Coast, he is induced to make a purchase one who has a tail; he is told—"O! sir, slaves that have tails are the best; they are more strong and appeared rather intelligent. He told me that he was country, far beyond the former, which he had crossed, that they, together with a savage planet for want of practice, he had suffered forgotten. But I must add, that the Count has not yet seen one of these individuals, which are estimated at 50,000 or 60,000, some worshipped the sun, the moon, others the stars, and others, again, the spirit of an immense river, in which they immolate their victims—(probably the springs of the Nile.) that they are of the height of the Negro, the black possible, and that they breed human flesh above all things, that after having devoured the flesh of the hostile tribes, they slaughtered and devoured their prisoners without distinction of age or sex; and that the women and children were preferable, the flesh being more delicate. This Gilolese had been recent in Mexico, and had resided there for many years in the Holy City. The lostness, the necessary ones, a few flesh, (of course, we must say that he man, did not fail to return upon him and his master, however, by a sudden movement, he threw him flat to see him, to provide him with an enormous piece of raw mutton, which he commanded unceremoniously to devour. Astonished at the eager desire for raw flesh showed itself precisely when, several times a week, as we said, a negro slave to fall and try to convert such a habit, he answered with great frankness: "I have often tasted the delicious flesh myself, which I received from my father and mother. In my country, great and small, young and old, men and women, all devote raw eating fish, fruits and vegetables. If my negro neglected to supply him regularly with meat, by nature, I am sure I could not detect the meat which possesses me of devouring something, not a candid cause great mercy by dashing on some person too weak to contend with me, as, indeed, the example of my master, who, as I have told you, see him naked (for I wished to shrink him,) he resented for a long time, but finally saw down in covering the nakedness of my master by every down which I was to send him. He came privately to me, and, pointing to the back of the coach of the coarse blue linen which he wore. I was thus enabled to ascertain the existence of a tail, and to paint his portrait without exposing him to the punishment which would have been inflicted on him, if he had been detected by his fanatical and superstitious master." The dancing made under these circumstances has been placed under the eyes of the Academy.

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Finally, here is the portrait of Bellal, the name of the personage in the adventure of Captain Marcia.

"He was thin and dry but nervous and strong. His skin was black-bronzed, shining, soft to the touch, like velvet. His feet were long and flat; his arms and legs appeared feeble, but well supplied with muscles. In fact, he could easily be counted. His face was repulsively ugly. His mouth was enormous, his lips thick, his teeth white and regular, his nose broad and flat; his ears long and deformed; his forehead low and receding; his hair not very woolly nor black, but nevertheless curly. He had no beard, and his body was not hairy. He was very active and handy. His height was about five feet. His tail was more than slow cedar long, and almost the thickness of the wrist. I could easily handle it, setting aside the oddity of his tastes and habits, was good, and his fidelity was above all praise."

The Gold Region.

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

A San Francisco correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, writes from that city:

Our living here at present is very good, though not quite as cheap as we desire it. We have plenty of beef, pork, fish, and the vegetables of fish, and plenty of most excellent potatoes. Eggs and chickens bring one dollar each, and are very scarce. Boarding $5 per day, and room rent from $100 to $150 per month.

Last night I was entertained in a restaurant a few days since, at a shoat, shin-bucket fellow, who had just arrived from the States. He was very much astonishing his official intercourse with our Government, said his further advised from the French Government.

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Miscellaneous.

THE HEMP REVOLUTION.

Considerable attention has been excited by the Maysville establishment for manufacturing hemp into rope and cordage, by the application of machinery, an account of ineffectual machinery, and especially of the invention of Mr. Dewsnap, for the use of hemp in most efficacious fabrication and speedy work. Now Hemp Cordage, we believe, is the most profitable come into use in covering cotton bales. The dew-rotted rope and bagging grow way too fast for the manufacturers to keep a great deal of the cotton is subjected to, and it arrives at the place of destination in bad order. The rope bags are often broken and the bagging torn off by the cotton hooks. Now Hemp Cordage, we believe, is the most being formed in Mason county, to manufacture bale rope and bagging in this way. We have not learned the arrangements with great interest since its commencement. We know something of the business and of the machinery, and we think the enterprise must succeed. It has been found by experience that hemp is the best material to bale them, from the evidence furnished. It constitutes an important epoch in the history of the cotton manufacture, which I remember well from my father and mother. In my country, great and small, young and old, men and women, all devote eating fish, fruits and vegetables. If my negro neglected to supply him regularly with meat, by nature, I am sure I could not detect the meat which possesses me of devouring something, not a candid cause great mercy by dashing on some person too weak to contend with me, as, indeed, the example of my master, who, as I have told you, see him naked (for I wished to shrink him,) he resented for a long time, but finally saw down in covering the nakedness of my master by every down which I was to send him. He came privately to me, and, pointing to the back of the coach of the coarse blue linen which he wore. I was thus enabled to ascertain the existence of a tail, and to paint his portrait without exposing him to the punishment which would have been inflicted on him, if he had been detected by his fanatical and superstitious master." The dancing made under these circumstances has been placed under the eyes of the Academy.

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Last night I was entertained in a restaurant a few days since, at a shoat, shin-bucket fellow, who had just arrived from the States. He was very much astonishing his official intercourse with our Government, said his further advised from the French Government.

ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE OF FIRE ARMS.—A correspondent of the "Times" of this city, communicates the following suggestions, which appear to us worthy of consideration:

After the sportsman has come home, he may say a few words to my gunning friends. We often hear of accidents from guns being loaded. The remedy is discharge of guns. For every instance which has come under my notice, I could refer to a dozen. Consequently, letting the hammer rest upon the cap is not safety, but the hammer rest upon the cap with the charge in the barrel. The danger of the hammer catching against something while the gun in pulled from the bushes, or the hammer striking a hard rock, it slips off and strikes with the whole force of the hammer upon the cap, and the gun is discharged. Let the hammer rest upon the cap, but without any thing hard, it will often explode the cap. I have frequently had the cap to explode upon stepping down upon the floor; in one instance the whole charge entered about the foot of the man's thumb. While the hammer is thus down, the cap can be exploded by a sudden jerk, or by accidental or otherwise. In this way nine-tenths of the accidents of persons having guns in their hands is from this cause that accidents occur in the woods; the hammer is caught by a limb, or the gun raised from the rag, and as soon as it slips off, the gun is exploded. There is but one way to keep a gun safe, when loaded; that is, always keep it half cocked. Some will say that they have used it many year, but say one try, and they will find it out. Some will say that they have used it many year, but pull the hammer as they will, they will find it out. Some will say that they have used it many year, but the hammer will not rest upon the finger as not perfect enough to hold the by hand catch from it.

When a gun is half cocked, every accidental jar will upon the tubes, and not half cocked, no one will then snap a gun who has any regard for what he is doing.

THINGS IN FRANCE.

BY THE LATE HENRY COLMAN.

In one of Mr. Colman's letters from Paris, written a few days before the late Republican Revolution, he speaks of M. Coquerel, the celebrated French Protestant, a professed Universalist. He also speaks of another brother clergyman, and in that connection makes some time of religion in France. Mr. Colman is an American—a Unitarian—and a great admirer of England and the English, hence many observations which may be amusing and gentry of that Country. We write off below an extract from his letter:

"I sometimes attend the Oratoire, to hear M. Coquerel, who is reputed to be the most eloquent man in Paris—the successor of Bersier, Saurin, Monod and admire his eloquence. He is said to have attended Grimke and Talma; but he is no eloquent for me; there is too much of art and display about him; this is not to my taste in the pulpit. The other members were when I like, is a simple, unpretending man; full of his subject; overpowered by the awe-some nature of truth and its importance; forgetting himself entirely; and evidently having no other object, than to communicate to your mind and heart the precious truth which rest on him. You are enlightened, convinced, warmed, persuaded; but it all that you have not one thought whether he is a man or gesture, whom you have been listening to, or whether he is an eloquent man; you have not thought of the man at all, but only of what he has said. This gentleman differs from our ministers on many matters of faith and opinion. I heard him preach, the other day, upon the subject, 'Is there a God?' and he says, our views were wholly opposite in the main; but I scarcely ever in my life listened to a sermon with more interest, pleasure, and, I may say, effect; for the perfect sincerity of his manner, and the elevation of his views and feelings actually prevented me for tears more than once, almost compelled me to leave the room.

"The French preaching is wholly different from the English, and, to my opinion, immeasurably inferior. The preacher, generally in England is very full, especially in the Established Church; it is not unusual to see a clergyman with a dozen, and but two objects; one, to fill up the fifteen or twenty minutes' interval in the service; and the other to persuade the people that this Church is the Church, the whole Church, and nothing but the Church; to expose the heresies of their peers to keep at a distance. He was dressed in buckskin breeches, with a yellow jacket, wore, and immediately was introduced up to the chin, a stouched hat and a red worsted cap, and I observed that a new door was made which led into the room with an air of confidence, seated himself at one of the little tables in a style and manner that showed that he was not a man to be sure stranger to the good things of this world, and a new acquaintance found a seat at the table, and seated, he slapped his hand on the table and cried out:

"Waiter, bring me something to eat."

"Yes, sah, yes, sah," cried a little Frenchman, who was all but at his side.

"Egge, egg me, sir, mutton chop, beef steak, beef is good to eat, and bring me a bottle of wine."

"Yes, sah, yes, sah, get him all. You vil have two eggs, but, sir re considered."

"Why, what's the matter with the things and a bottle of wine," replied our friend, in a circumstance, that attracted the attention of all the persons present.

Away went the little Frenchman with "yes, sah," thundering, and in three minutes, or less, a customer, just from the cuisine, with his pockets filled with eggs, and a bottle of wine, such as that would have served three men at least under ordinary circumstances. Away pattered the little Frenchman, and in a moment, more than the same cuisine had wanted a breakfast more than the first, appeared with a dish of eggs, and seated himself up as if to make all possible room for one thing, and that was the bottle of wine.

The Frenchman was in apparent ecstacies, looking over the table, and repeating, eggs, beef, mutton chop, wine, and bread, and then he would then summed as a sort of gorea-work, "thirteen, sah, sah."

The stranger seemed quite satisfied at the last announcement, and inquired:

"What do you say, thirteen dollars?"

"Yes, my friend," said the Frenchman, "thirteen dollars."

"You don't call me your friend," replied the other, "you are a thief."

"Oh, yes, sah, I call all de people my friend, who eat de good breakfast and pay for him."

"But you are mistaken in charging thirteen dollars!"

This remark the man of the restaurant believed some hot indignant, looking all the characteristics of a man of honor, and a gentleman, bring proprietor of a respectable restaurant, and said:

"Yes, sah, thirteen dollars. You no eat so egg as dis from Tours, nor so beef as dis, nor so mutton chop as dis, nor so bread as dis, nor so cat de best breakfast—ah! de very best!"

"Well," answered the stranger dazed him, and up quite coolly, and said,

"Well, I have eaten a good breakfast, and that is all right."

Running his hand into his pocket, he pulled out four dollars and seventy-five cents, looking at the Frenchman, who was all the time in motion, or two—nothing escaping the lips of either. He then tossed the money down and laid it on the table—Frenchman still looking on without a word. The stranger then put on his hat, walked out, and laid it across the cart. No reply being made to this, off came the red cloth, and Frenchman, with a countenance as long as a half-mile farmed out. Things now became quite interesting. The stranger, who appeared to be evidently a little frightened, looked first at one and then at the other, and then at the door, and then at the table. The only response to his looks came from the long-drawn appeared to be, "Don't care for de money." The stranger dared look up

Selected Poetry.

THE PILGRIM MOTHERS.

FROM THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

Gentle Mourner! brought to grace
Old Plymouth's rocky place;
Found in spite of it a home
Of tears and sternest mood,
Among one its trees with which ye leaved
The dangers of the sea,
And over the stones and graves that saved
The mothers of the free!

When earthly ills the smiling deep,
The fragile Mayflower bore,
While stars their solemn watch would keep
On yonder fields of blue—
Full oft your tones, so slight and fair
As any flower of spring,
Were meekly bowed in trusting prayer
To Heaven's ancient King.

Cold was your pathway from the shore,
That seemed in dreams so fair;
The wintry tempest's rattling roar
Sang you a welcome there.
The Indian paused above the hill,
With wonder in his eye,
The rainy rainbow spanned the still
The misty sea-spray fell.

Oh! Pilgrim Mothers! dear the lives
Your prayers to prolong!
Through them subdued the pilgrim grew,
And trampled down the wrong.
Yet ye were to them bravest of all
The source of their hopes;
Ye nerved the able that buried the strobe
In labor or in fight.

The fire of freedom warmed each breast,
Through many a weary day,
And fields were covered with the dead—
Yet faint before they!
To weight them when there was no patience
Were breathed beside the fires;
The bravest that in either part
Were brutishly for the fires.

To taught to spurn the tyrant's chain,
And bow to God alone!
To kindled in their bosoms the flame
That trembled in your own!
Oh! what your fervent prayers could do
Your children proved people well—
Each dark-eyed mother reared with dauntless flesh the stony hearse here—
Aggression crushed by fear!

Oh! Pilgrim Mothers! though ye in
Pestilence in grave entombed,
A memory has remained
Hath cleansed ye for its own;
A freedom in the living's heart
Your dust shall ever impart;
Your example and your virtues,
Your shrine—nature's heart!

CHOLE.

Leaves from History.

THE DEATH OF AGRIPPINA, THE MOTHER OF NERO.

TRANSLATED FROM TACITUS, BY GEO. LONG.

Nero now began to shun all private interviews with his mother, whenever she withdrew to her gardens, or her villa at Tusculum, or to the neighborhood of Lucrinus, he would commend her for seeking retirement. At last, feeling her existence a heavy burden to him wherever she might be, he resolved to put her to death, the only burden of deliberation with him being whether he should get rid of her by poison, by the dagger or by some other violent means. His first resolve was to take her off by poison. But, if poison should be given to her at the Emperor's table, it could not be imputed to accident, for Britannicus had already perished by the same means; to tamper with the attendants of Agrippina appeared monstrous, for her experience in crime had made her vigilant against treachery, and she had fortified herself against poisons by the habit of taking antidotes. But the dagger was employed, nobody could suggest how the murder should be concealed, and Nero feared that, whatever was selected to commit to great a crime, he might refuse to obey the Emperor's command.

Anicetus, a freedman, offered the resources of his invention. He was the commander of the fleet at Misenum, had been engaged in the education of Nero, and he and Agrippina hated one another. He told Nero that a vessel might be so constructed, that part of it could be detached when the vessel was afloat, and Agrippina thereby lose the water before she was aware of it; that nothing gave so many chances of accident as the sea; and if Agrippina perished in the wreck, who could be so unreasonable as to impute to crime what was the fault of the wind and waves? that, when Agrippina was dead, the Emperor could build a temple and erect altars to his mother, and make other demonstrations of filial affection. The device was approved, and it was decreed by the time, for Agrippina was in the habit of attending the festival of the Quinquatrus at Baiæ. To that place Nero lured his mother, often declaring "that one ought to bear with the angry passions of their parents and try to pacify them," in order that, by the joy of so unexpected a reconciliation, and that Agrippina might believe, or, if no more, was prepared to read into anything that pleases them, by her arrival, he went to meet her on the shore, for she came from Antium: he took her by the hand, embraced her, and conducted her to Bauli. That was the name of a villa, which was situated between the promontory Misenum and the lake of Baiæ, and washed by the waves of the sea, which divides or forms a kind of bay.

Among the rest of the vessels one more highly ornamented than the others was lying there, as if this also were designed to be honor to his mother, for she had been accustomed to sail in a trireme and have a body of rowers belonging to the fleet. She was also invited to a banquet, that advantage might not taken of the night to conceal the crime. It is well known that some have betrayed the clandestine design of Nero, and Agrippina being informed of it, and desirous whether to give credit to it or not, was carried to Baiæ in a litter. The blandishments of her son removed her fears. She was kindly received, and had a place at table assigned to her above Nero. Sometimes adopting the ordinary familiarity of youth, and then assuming a more serious air, as if by such conversation he was bestowing that pleasure, Nero prolonged the entertainment by mixed conversation; and, when Agrippina rose to go away, he accompanied her to the sea-shore, gazed upon her eyes and breast before, and pressing to her bosom, either to fill up the measure of his cruelties, or it may be that the last spirit of duty was going to be given, he clasped absorbed all the thoughts of his mind, herself though he was.

The gods had given a starlight night and a tranquil sea, as if to furnish evidence of the crime. The ship had not advanced far, with two of the intimate friends of Agrippina who accompanied her, Crepereus Gallus, who was standing not far from the helm, and Aceronius, who was lying at the foot of the cushion, and joyfully speaking of the change in Nero's temper and his reconciliation with his mother, when, on a signal being given, the roof of the cabin, which was loaded with lead, tumbled down, and Crepereus was immediately crushed to death. Agrippina and Aceronius were protected by the sides of the chamber, which happened to be strong enough to resist the weight: nor did the vessel fall in pieces, for most of the men on board were in a state of alarm; and those who were unacquainted with the design (and they were the greater part) upsetted the movement of the rower who were ignorant of it. The rowers advised that the vessel should be thrown on one side and then sunk. But neither could the avowers promptly come to an agreement, and at a moment at the moment, and the rest by rending it without Agrippina was attempted, and the more gently into the sea. While Aceronius, who had let her proceed, and, also calling out that she was Agrippina, and imploring help for the Emperor's mother, she was despatched with boat-poles and oars and other such weapons as happened to chanced to be at the way. Agrippina kept silent, and was conveyed, and, as well recognized, but yet she received one wound on her shoulder. She swam till she fell in with some boats, by which she was conveyed into the Lucrine Lake, and thence to her own villa. There turning over in her mind her natural circumstances—that it was expressly for that purpose that she had been accosted by the intimate friendship, and treated with particular distinction; that it was near the shore, without being driven by the winds or dashed against rocks, that the upper part of the vessel had fallen in, just as any construction on hand might have done, accidentally—that Nero had not refused and casting her eyes on her own wound; reflecting that the only remedy against the present was to affect not to see it—the next her freedman, Agerinus, to tell her son that, by the blessing of the gods and her own good fortune, she had escaped a grievous accident; she entreated him, however alarmed he might be at his mother's danger, to defer the trouble of paying her a visit. In the meantime, appreciating no appearance of being perfectly at ease, —— wound her wound, and used means appropriate to her danger. Nero supposed the treatment of Acerronia to be sought after the goods to be aimed: in this alone there was no consolation.

Nero, who was waiting for the news of the completion of his crimes, received intelligence that Agrippina had escaped with no further injury than a slight blow: she had just been in danger, enough to leave no doubt in her mind who had planned it.

Half-dead with terror, and crying out that his mother might be expected every moment, eager for revenge; that she would either arm the slaves or inflame the soldiers, or make her way to the Senate and people, and upbraid him the wreck of the vessel, her wound, and the death of her friends; what protection had he against her, if there was but one cutter and one sailor? Anicetus and Agrippina could not devise anything, and he immediately ordered that. It is doubtful whether Agrippina had sent secret orders to her assassins. But she went alone, and, hearing that the end was at hand, she uttered no prayer except this, "Let me see my son!" Nero, himself, hearing that Agrippina had come to him with a message from Agrippina, adopted a theatrical contrivance to inspire him that I shall not mention. Agrippina fear delivering his message, he threatened down a dagger at his feet. He then commanded him to be put in chains, as if he had been detected in an attempt at assassination, in order that he might invent a false story of his mother having plotted the destruction of the Emperor, and then, through shame at her crime being detected, having committed suicide.

In the meantime the danger at Agrippina was passed absent, but only as an accident; and the people, as they heard of it, hurried to the shore. Some filled the mole, others took into the neared boats; some waded into the sea as far as they could, and some stretched out their hands: while the whole coast was filled with the cries, the prayers, the shouts of people asking questions and answering, giving uncertain answers. A great multitude crowded thither with lights; and, when it was known that Agrippina was safe, they were dispersed by the threats of a body of armed men.

Anicetus posted men about Agrippina's villa, and, bursting open the door, he slaughtered a few slaves who he met, he knocked the door of the chamber. A few slaves were standing there: a female was standing with her. Nero's courage breaking in. In the chamber there was a feeble light and a single female slave. Agrippina was growing more and more uneasy that no messenger came from her son; that even Agerinus did not return. The face of the slave who met her showed grief; there were solitude and sudden noises, and all the indications of some extreme calamity. As her slave was going away, Agrippina cried out, "You, too, leave me?" and could: if it remains done, composed, by Herculeus, a captain of a trireme, and Obaritus, a centurion in the fleet, she said, "if he had come to see her, he is safe." Soon that she was conceived; if he had come to murder, he was innocent, if he had sent for him, he would not command the murder of his mother."

The moment she surrendered the bed, and the commander of the trireme was the first to strike her on the head with a club. As the centurion was drawing his sword to kill her, she presented her neck and said,

"Strike here," and she was despatched with many wounds.

Such was the egress. As to Nero coming to see the body of his mother, and praising the beauty of her person, there are some historians who have even so stated, and there are some that deny it. She was buried the same night, on a despicable, mean bed, with the meanest ceremonial, and from being an Nero was in possession of power, was the less regarded after death.

By the care of her domestics, a slight tumulus was afterwards erected on the road to Misenum, near the villa of Cæsar, which stands on the highest spot of ground, and contains the remains of Marcellus. To the side of the funeral pile was lighted, a freedman of Agrippina, named Mnester, stabbed himself, as his deathful whether through affection to his master, or that he dreaded a reward for his service. Many years before, Agrippina had believed that this would be her end, and she had braved it. Forbidden to consult astrologers, she had consulted others in the departments of trade, discovering the future, and the professors, among all the rest, of Nero. It is that wisdom which is unprotecting, desert humbling, and that which is dangerous, and that which is forbidden: certainly it looked upon him Mrs. Man Mr.

In the old will Nero had born cars there he is wife's opening her husband's letters?"

"No harm in the thing itself. But the calumny which is attached to it."

"What! has any one dared to write me a letter to which you do not wish me to read?"

"Oh, no. It is couched in the most chaste and gentlemanly language. But the contents! the contents!"

Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief and burst completely into tears. Her husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading it aloud. He had proceeded a moment of nearly breaking his wife's heart. It was a bill from the printer for three years subscription—*Sunday Bell Ringer.*

NEW ARGOSY.—"New Algiers" is the cognomen of a part of the outskirts of Shelbury, Massachusetts. "Is one of them?" The name is a dashed never heard elsewhere. Imagine these shipping through a sentence of 9.40 speed—till they bring up against the last word in the line, when the action is laid, with a long drawl—and you have the Algerine accent.

A General was to come off at a certain hour one day last week, and the streets, and the windows of the house to the "laced man," "I guess how-you-k-better-go-over-the-Mark's-and-get-a-Shave-and-a-Shampoo." John knew he was a general gathering there, so he suggested the propriety of getting out of company, and, addressing the minister, if he "hadn't better get-going."

"Don't-know-if-you-had," returned the lady of the house, and severely reminded the servants that no one should leave the house, when the matron called out to him, "Why will you have gone-out-of-door, John? You know-don't-t'-Gin-of-a-Sunday?"

The following autumn there was a wedding between two of this place, one evening in the drawing room, at a ball, between the dances. Beck-and-call Bob, a waiter at the hotel, said to Jim Dandy, "I saw-you-k-better-go-over-the-Mark's-and-get-a-Shave-and-a-Shampoo." John knew he was a general gathering there, so he suggested the propriety of getting out of company, and, addressing the minister, if he "hadn't better get-going."

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"No incident in the next story of Stonefield is more remarkable than the fact that Jones, the undertaker, after a wearisome absence of twelve years, has returned to his home. He left a wife and children, and, left him with his elder brother, in one of the immediate courts of that great city, "with a heart as full of grief as a mother's breast could ever bore, to sail good examples for him, and never to forget that he had had his brother.

"Bishop Jewell had his mother's name engraved on a signet and had Scripture passages with her name over short sentence to his will—For my kernel, I cannot that it may be on St. Michael's Mount, where I was born, and where my mother lieued." At Bulwark, in a dark grave treasure-house, I have left with my wife Rose, by whom Knicrs, who, losing his father in childhood, was reared by her watchful tenderness. Pope wrote to his mother from Rome, and Bishop Jewell remembered the calmer to his mother, in the garden at Trunk, and Gardiner Penrose left Nancy Lee's love to Gardiner's return on his mother's posture we might give the grand-father's: "It is strange, since I have you were gone or home to Tenkaiser, on account of your mother's illness: and the same letter informed me that she was getting better, and that they were trying to persuade her to buy you would take care of her, or, indeed, any one that I love or care to effect not to see it—the next her freedman, Agerinus, to tell her son that, by the blessing of the gods and her own good fortune, she had escaped a grievous accident; she entreated him, however alarmed he might be at his mother's danger, to defer the trouble of paying her a visit. In the meantime, appreciating no appearance of being perfectly at ease, —— wound her wound, and used means appropriate to her danger. Nero supposed the treatment of Acerronia to be sought after the goods to be aimed: in this alone there was no consolation.

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Selected Articles.

THE REAL HISTORY OF JEANIE DEANS.

It is no longer doubted or denied, that Helen Walker, of the parish of Irongray, in the neighborhood of Dumfries, was the prototype of the character who, under the fictitious name of Jeanie Deans, figures so conspicuously in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," and in the "Tales of My Landlord," in connection with Dumfries and Galloway. Her character is described by Scott in the most glowing terms, and briefly; though few readers require to be informed how it has been expanded, by the facile genius of Sir Walter Scott. The veracity of the events came is not known, but it is generally believed. Nero died with a child but his wife, who "sent the parish of Irongray, and were in the habit of visiting the Walker's of Clarendon. A rare alike distinguished for respectability and longevity, and who have flourished, time out of mind, on the same spot, and in the same line of Cairn. Her father appears to have been a laborer, and, as far as we can learn, a quiet, humble, and even well attentive in prayer, became dependent for support on the industry of her daughters, Nelly and Helen Walker.

I regret that I am unable to fix the exact date of the principal incident in the Walker family. I believe, however, that it occurred a few years previous to the more intimate but for child-marriage, which was passed in 1736. At this time, her sister Tibby, who was considerably younger, and scarcely girl, resided in the same cottage with Helen, and it is not improbable that their father, a worthy old man, was still living. He was succeeded, maybe by a years of the name of Waugh, who had the character of being rather wild, but a victim to his means, and became acquainted with Helen, and surely denied the fact to the last. The neighbors, however, suspected that a child had been born, and repeatedly urged her to confess her fault. But she was fearful of the consequences to the knowledge of a dead infant, which was found shortly after in the Cairn at Clenden. The rigorous laws against child murder were put in force by the directions of the Rev. Mr. Gothrie, of Irongray, and the unfortunate girl was brought before the Presbytery for examination. The anecdotal matter which connected with this examination will be found recorded in "Old Mortality." Helen was called the "thief's bide," in the old jail at Dumfries, a grated room on the ground floor, where her sister occasionally visited her, and conversed with her through the grating. When the trial was ended, Helen found that "it was a heavy word of her mouth would save her sister, and she was willing to die rather than tell a lie." Sentence was not carried into execution, however, and after having given one the idea the artist has taken some days to work before his production can be called "finished."

Now, if these Fashion monsters are any body's but their own, certainly, why not make the best pictures and stairway—the fancy sketches in the "Book of Beauty"? Or why not have the Fashion Plates to resemble women? Why not give us Fashions that look as if they could be worn by a healthy woman, with a perfectly developed form?

The idea of dressing the "Great Horse" has been very much ridiculed by the lovers of art—but the Greek Slave might be converted into a Fashion Plate by being dressed, and exhibited all over the country—by having all the new dresses put on her just—unable to it her, and then sitting or standing, and giving her portrait to Godey's Fashion Plates. Models could procure her marble sides into the shape of a forest or a jug; and of our Fashion Plates were taken from her, women would imagine they like the ugly, deformed shape.

Now, we are not jesting—not exaggerating—the form of most of our Fashion Plates positively remind us of nothing so much as a funnel or a jug. Artists, there is no exaggeration in this matter. Some years ago, when the Greek Slave was first exhibited in a tax view of one of these figures, the Fashion Plates. Models could procure her marble sides into the shape of a forest or a jug; and of our Fashion Plates were taken from her, women would imagine like the ugly, deformed shape.

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Tobby Walker, then the stain cast on her good name was removed, and the character of Jeanie Deans was restored to the man who had wronged her, and with whom, as is believed, she lived happily for a number of years. Helen Walker, the unfortunate but quiet rural employments, and after a life of great usefulness, died in the year of our Lord, 1791, at the age of nearly fourscore. She was universally lamented, and a modest, yet romantic memory on the banks of the Cairn.

REFORMATION OF WILLIAM WIRT.

A TRUE INCIDENT IN HIS HISTORY.

The distinguished William Wirt, within six or eight months after his first marriage, became quite a dissipated character. He was in the habit of operated strongly on the mind and health of his wife, and she became quite ill. She was confined with the dead. Her death led him to leave the house where he now rose to distinction. But his habits hung about him, and occasionally he was found with his old companions in his former associations revelry. His true friends expostulated with him, but to no purpose, and his wife was dying himself. But he still persisted. His practice began to fall off and many looked on him as a ruined man. At last he was advised to be married, with a view of correcting his habits. He accordingly paid his addresses to Miss Gamble. After some months courtship he invited her hand in marriage; she replied—Mr. Wirt, I have been well aware of your attentions for some time past, and should have given a positive refusal, but you evinced for me. But I cannot yield my assent until you have given me proof that you can forego your habits of dissipation. Then reply to Wirt was as unexpected as it was flattering. He saw that he regarded his proposition as but it to all further consideration on the subject. He left her, and for several months he was the same as ever—his resentment and neglect. In the course of a few weeks he went to a party given by one of his friends, but his heart and mind was made up. He became indignant, and regarded the insult as intended expressly for his honor; and vowed it should be the last morning that should intoxicate him. He drank freely, and, on leaving the house, when the matron called out to him, "Why will you have gone-out-of-door, John? You know-don't-t'-Gin-of-a-Sunday?"

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Half-dead with terror, and crying out that his mother might be expected every moment, eager for revenge; that she would either arm the slaves or inflame the soldiers, or make her way to the Senate and people, and upbraid him the wreck of the vessel, her wound, and the death of her friends; what protection had he against her, if there was but one cutter and one sailor? Anicetus and Agrippina could not devise anything, and he immediately ordered that. It is doubtful whether Agrippina had sent secret orders to her assassins. But she went alone, and, hearing that the end was at hand, she uttered no prayer except this, "Let me see my son!" Nero, himself, hearing that Agrippina had come to him with a message from Agrippina, adopted a theatrical contrivance to inspire him that I shall not mention. Agrippina fear delivering his message, he threatened down a dagger at his feet. He then commanded him to be put in chains, as if he had been detected in an attempt at assassination, in order that he might invent a false story of his mother having plotted the destruction of the Emperor, and then, through shame at her crime being detected, having committed suicide.

Wit and Humor.

LEAVE TO WITHDRAW.

It will be seen by reference to the legislative proceedings, that in many instances petitioners for divorce have been refused the privilege of leave to withdraw, being a polite way of rejecting their petitions.

We learned the other day a story on this point—but before the last lines mention a man (call him Smith) who had a wife of a most unamiable disposition, who resides in one of our most flourishing towns in this State. The fact of the matter is, that by the dogs, who found that his name had was a good place in which to conceal bones, &c., determined to put an end to it at once. Accordingly he applied in a gentleman who is a member of the legislature, to draw up a petition for leave to sue dogs. The petition was accordingly drawn and "monstrously signed," by his fellow citizens. The dogs were accepted with a bow to his troubles and affections.

In due course of time, the petition was presented to the Legislature, and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, and in regular order it appeared in the papers that the matter had been disposed of.

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Smith, as the paper containing the proceedings were arrived in the town of ——, the legislative proceedings were read in the street of one of the country merchants of the place. Soon after old Smith dropped in with pipe in mouth, for it was the day, when the following conversation took place:—

Smith.—Well, what's the news?

Store-keeper.—Your petition is disposed of I see by the papers.

Smith.—How? What's the law?

Store-keeper.—Reads from the paper:—"Mr. Smith, from the Judiciary committee, to which was made a report, whereupon it was resolved that J. Q. S. Smith and others, petitioners for a writ of dogs, have leave to withdraw their petition."

Smith.—Taking the paper from the store-keeper. The old man is out at pasture, my wagon is broke, and I'll see every one of the rotted Representatives in Hallock before I'll go over to with draw that petition.

The petition is still here, and the dogs still flourish, untamed!—*Concord (N. H.) Reporter.*

HOW TO GET UP A ROW WITH YOUR WIFE.

First Plan.—Take her to the Theatre. Select the prettiest girl in the house, and keep your opera glass constantly fixed on her. Remark to your wife that she is the style of beauty you admire. Tell her that you wish she would try to serve what an old thing it is so women can be to be told of anybody being prettier than herself, and that not a woman ever was in the world who could be so unreasonable as to impute to envy what was the fault of the wind and waves! that, when Agrippina was dead, the Emperor could build a temple and erect altars to his mother, and make other demonstrations of filial affection. The device was approved, and it was decreed by the time, for Agrippina was in the habit of attending the festival of the Quinquatrus at Baiæ. To that place Nero lured his mother, often declaring "that one ought to bear with the angry passions of their parents and try to pacify them," in order that, by the joy of so unexpected a reconciliation, and that Agrippina might believe, or, if no more, was prepared to read into anything that pleases them, by her arrival, he went to meet her on the shore, for she came from Antium: he took her by the hand, embraced her, and conducted her to Bauli. That was the name of a villa, which was situated between the promontory Misenum and the lake of Baiæ, and washed by the waves of the sea, which divides or forms a kind of bay.

Among the rest of the vessels one more highly ornamented than the others was lying there, as if this also were designed to be honor to his mother, for she had been accustomed to sail in a trireme and have a body of rowers belonging to the fleet. She was also invited to a banquet, that advantage might not taken of the night to conceal the crime. It is well known that some have betrayed the clandestine design of Nero, and Agrippina being informed of it, and desirous whether to give credit to it or not, was carried to Baiæ in a litter. The blandishments of her son removed her fears. She was kindly received, and had a place at table assigned to her above Nero. Sometimes adopting the ordinary familiarity of youth, and then assuming a more serious air, as if by such conversation he was bestowing that pleasure, Nero prolonged the entertainment by mixed conversation; and, when Agrippina rose to go away, he accompanied her to the sea-shore, gazed upon her eyes and breast before, and pressing to her bosom, either to fill up the measure of his cruelties, or it may be that the last spirit of duty was going to be given, he clasped absorbed all the thoughts of his mind, herself though he was.

The gods had given a starlight night and a tranquil sea, as if to furnish evidence of the crime. The ship had not advanced far, with two of the intimate friends of Agrippina who accompanied her, Crepereus Gallus, who was standing not far from the helm, and Aceronius, who was lying at the foot of the cushion, and joyfully speaking of the change in Nero's temper and his reconciliation with his mother, when, on a signal being given, the roof of the cabin, which was loaded with lead, tumbled down, and Crepereus was immediately crushed to death. Agrippina and Aceronius were protected by the sides of the chamber, which happened to be strong enough to resist the weight: nor did the vessel fall in pieces, for most of the men on board were in a state of alarm; and those who were unacquainted with the design (and they were the greater part) upsetted the movement of the rower who were ignorant of it. The rowers advised that the vessel should be thrown on one side and then sunk. But neither could the avowers promptly come to an agreement, and at a moment at the moment, and the rest by rending it without Agrippina was attempted, and the more gently into the sea. While Aceronius, who had let her proceed, and, also calling out that she was Agrippina, and imploring help for the Emperor's mother, she was despatched with boat-poles and oars and other such weapons as happened to chanced to be at the way. Agrippina kept silent, and was conveyed, and, as well recognized, but yet she received one wound on her shoulder. She swam till she fell in with some boats, by which she was conveyed into the Lucrine Lake, and thence to her own villa. There turning over in her mind her natural circumstances—that it was expressly for that purpose that she had been accosted by the intimate friendship, and treated with particular distinction; that it was near the shore, without being driven by the winds or dashed against rocks, that the upper part of the vessel had fallen in, just as any construction on hand might have done, accidentally—that Nero had not refused and casting her eyes on her own wound; reflecting that the only remedy against the present was to affect not to see it—the next her freedman, Agerinus, to tell her son that, by the blessing of the gods and her own good fortune, she had escaped a grievous accident; she entreated him, however alarmed he might be at his mother's danger, to defer the trouble of paying her a visit. In the meantime, appreciating no appearance of being perfectly at ease, —— wound her wound, and used means appropriate to her danger. Nero supposed the treatment of Acerronia to be sought after the goods to be aimed: in this alone there was no consolation.

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The moment she surrendered the bed, and the commander of the trireme was the first to strike her on the head with a club. As the centurion was drawing his sword to kill her, she presented her neck and said,

"Strike here," and she was despatched with many wounds.

Such was the egress. As to Nero coming to see the body of his mother, and praising the beauty of her person, there are some historians who have even so stated, and there are some that deny it. She was buried the same night, on a despicable, mean bed, with the meanest ceremonial, and from being an Nero was in possession of power, was the less regarded after death.

By the care of her domestics, a slight tumulus was afterwards erected on the road to Misenum, near the villa of Cæsar, which stands on the highest spot of ground, and contains the remains of Marcellus. To the side of the funeral pile was lighted, a freedman of Agrippina, named Mnester, stabbed himself, as his deathful whether through affection to his master, or that he dreaded a reward for his service. Many years before, Agrippina had believed that this would be her end, and she had braved it. Forbidden to consult astrologers, she had consulted others in the departments of trade, discovering the future, and the professors, among all the rest, of Nero. It is that wisdom which is unprotecting, desert humbling, and that which is dangerous, and that which is forbidden: certainly it looked upon him Mrs. Man Mr.

In the old will Nero had born cars there he is wife's opening her husband's letters?"

"No harm in the thing itself. But the calumny which is attached to it."

"What! has any one dared to write me a letter to which you do not wish me to read?"

"Oh, no. It is couched in the most chaste and gentlemanly language. But the contents! the contents!"

Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief and burst completely into tears. Her husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading it aloud. He had proceeded a moment of nearly breaking his wife's heart. It was a bill from the printer for three years subscription—*Sunday Bell Ringer.*

NEW ARGOSY.—"New Algiers" is the cognomen of a part of the outskirts of Shelbury, Massachusetts. "Is one of them?" The name is a dashed never heard elsewhere. Imagine these shipping through a sentence of 9.40 speed—till they bring up against the last word in the line, when the action is laid, with a long drawl—and you have the Algerine accent.

A General was to come off at a certain hour one day last week, and the streets, and the windows of the house to the "laced man," "I guess how-you-k-better-go-over-the-Mark's-and-get-a-Shave-and-a-Shampoo." John knew he was a general gathering there, so he suggested the propriety of getting out of company, and, addressing the minister, if he "hadn't better get-going."

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